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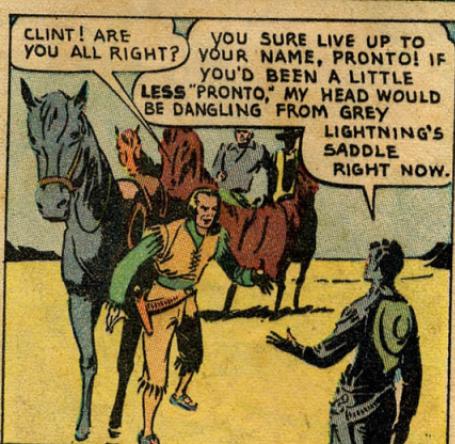
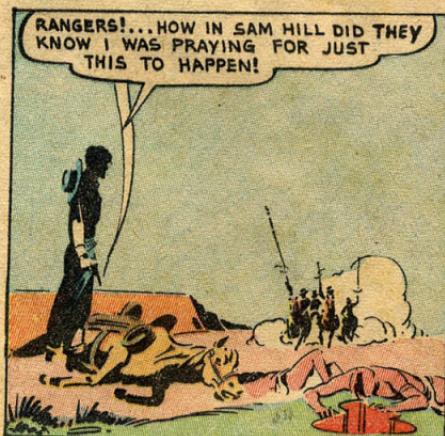
Note: Canadian and foreign orders \$2.25 in advance.

THE TEXAS RANGER

ALL THE WORLD HATES A TRAITOR! - AND CLINT CORTLAND, TEXAS RANGER, WAS NO EXCEPTION! INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH, INTO THE HEART OF COMANCHELAND, WENT CLINT CORTLAND, ON THE TRAIL OF THE SNAKE KNOWN AS.....

THE WHITE COMANCHE





I LEARNED FROM FRIEND IN GREY LIGHTNING TRIBE THAT THEY GET NEW GUNS. I LEARN FROM BOSS YOU INVESTIGATE GREY LIGHTNING COUNTRY! IT ADD UP TO CLINT'S HEAD...WHETHER IT STAY ON OR COME OFF!

THANK THE LORD YOU'RE GOOD IN MATH, PRONTO!..I LIKE YOUR KIND OF ADDITION!



THANK PRONTO FOR US GETTIN' HERE IN TIME, CLINT! PRONTO'S GOT A BIG EAR WHEN IT COMES TO HEARIN' OF GUN-RUNNIN'!

I ALREADY THANKED PRONTO, BOSS! IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.



TUSH! TWARN'T NOTHIN'! NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE...DID YOU FIND OUT WHO'S BACK O'THIS GUN-RUNNIN'?

NOTHING MORE'N IT'S A WHITE MAN WHOSE MAKING BLOOD MONEY...



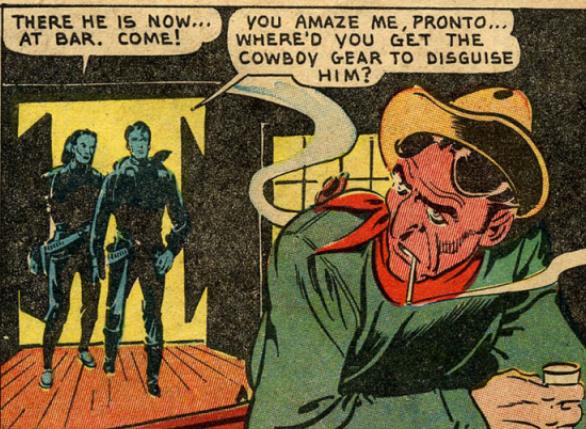
GETTING GUNS ISN'T DOING THE INDIANS ANY GOOD...BECAUSE THEY CAN'T STOP THE WHITES FROM MOVING WEST WITH JUST A COUPLE OF RIFLES, THEY AREN'T DOING THE WHITES ANY GOOD, BECAUSE A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE GETTING KILLED FOR NO GOOD REASON.



THIS SKUNK KNOWS EVERY MOVE THE RANGERS'RE MAKING...HE'S LEARNIN' THINGS FROM INSIDE!

SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE! WONDER WHO COULD BE DEVIL ENOUGH TO DO IT?









THAT EVENING, MANY MILES AWAY...

THEY WERE BOUND TO
FIND OUT! NOW GREY
LIGHTNING'S GOT TO
HELP ME..LIKE I
HELPED HIM!



THIS TORCH IS OUR SIGNAL.
GREY LIGHTNING'S BRAVES WILL
RESPECT IT AND LET ME PASS
INTO THE CAMP!



IT'S YOUR FRIEND...MEAGHER!
I COME TO SPEAK WITH GREY
LIGHTNING...



WELL, WHITE HOUND, NOT EXACTLY, GREY
WHAT YOU WANT LIGHTNING. NOT
WITH ME? YOU NOW. ER-THE RANGERS
KNOW WHEN GUNS KNOW WHAT I'M
COME? DOING.



AT THE SAME TIME, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

SILENTLY, CLINT! WE'RE IN
GREY LIGHTNING'S COUNTRY.
-TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHING
QUICKLY..IN A SECOND I'LL
MAKE A COMANCHE OUT
OF YOU!....

HMM..I DON'T
LIKE BEING
A COMANCHE
EVEN FOR A
SECOND!



NOT ALL COMANCHE LIKE
LIGHTNING, CLINT! SOM
ALL INDIANS WILL BE



I'M STARTING TO MISS
YOU ALREADY, PRONTO!

DON'T WORRY, CLINT--- I'LL BE NEAR YOU,
THOUGH YOU MAY NOT RECOGNIZE ME!



SO YOU ARE NO MORE USE
TO US, EH, MEAGHER? NO
MORE GUNS, EH?- TOO BAD
FOR YOU. I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO ROAST
YOU ALIVE!

R-ROAST M-ME
ALIVE! YOU'RE
N-NOT SERIOUS!
I CAME HERE
FOR HELP!

HERE'S HELP...
INTO THE FIRE!



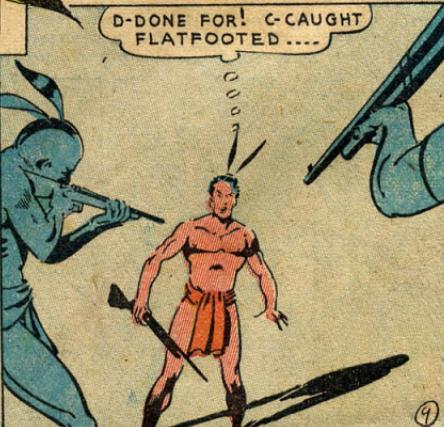
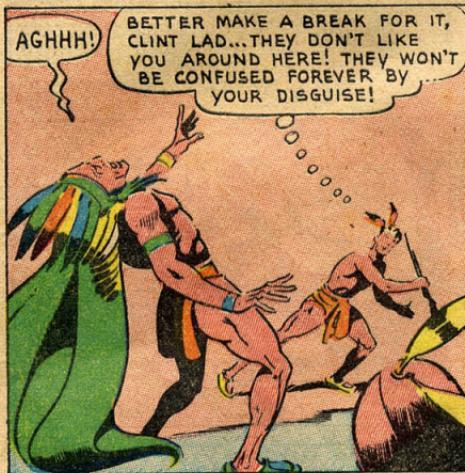
YOU CAN'T
BE BURNED

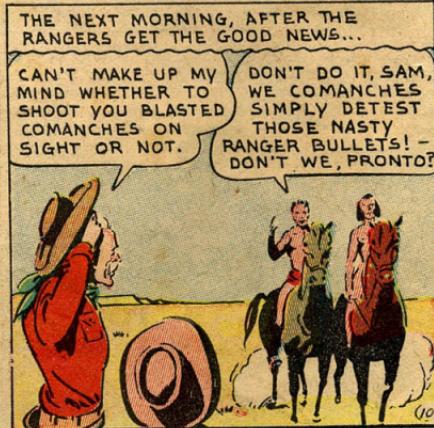
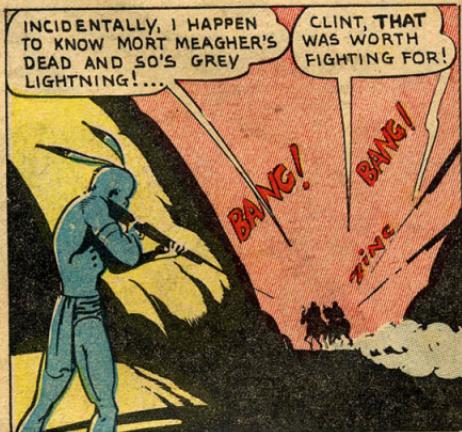
THEN WHY DO
YOU COMPLAIN?
WE ARE PAYING
YOU FOR IT! NO?

CLINT, DISGUISED AS A COMANCHE,
WATCHES THE GRUESOME PROCEDURE...

MEAGHER! BEING BURNED ALIVE!...
GREY LIGHTNING MUST KNOW MEAGHER'S
USEFULNESS IS OVER! I CAN'T LET A
HUMAN BEING GO THROUGH SUCH
TORTURE, EVEN IF HE IS MEAGHER!









KNIGHT OF THE NORTH

Bob Jannsen

SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE CAME SINGLEHANDED INTO A LAND OF FEROCIOUS SAVAGERY...THE EASTERN, ARCTIC REGIONS OF CANADA. HE WENT NOT AS AN EXPLORER BUT AS A POLICEMAN CARRYING OUT THE BRAVE TRADITIONS AT THE "SCARLET FORCE" FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDEST, MOST DESOLATE AREA IN THE WORLD, KNIGHT OF THE NORTH MEANT TO FIND "THE ARCTIC ASSASSIN"...."

ONE MORNING, AS AN ARCTIC STORM RACES OVER NORTHERN BAFFIN ISLAND....

MR. JOHNSON... THESE HUNTER SAY STORM WORSE WHERE YOU WANT GO. THINK WE GO BACK!

WELL, WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK... AN IDIOT CAN SEE THAT! BETTER THAN PEGGING OUT ON THE WAY... GOT TOO MUCH TO LIVE FOR, TOO MANY PEOPLE TO PAY BACK FOR THE RAW DEAL THEY HANDED ME!



WHAT IF I CAN'T GET UP THERE TO TRADE? DON'T THESE ROTTEN ESKIMOS OWE ME ENOUGH FOR THE GIFTS I GAVE THEM YEARS AGO? WELL, THIS YEAR THEY'RE PAYING IF IT'S THE LAST THING THEY DO!



WE GO TO CAPE CRAU-
FORD, MASTER?
BUT WHY?
WE HAVE NO
GOODS TO
TRADE AND
ESKIMO THERE
WON'T GIVE
YOU FURS
FOR NOTHING!

FOR NOTHING, STUPID DOGS! DON'T THEY OWE ME MONEY? WASN'T I FOOL ENOUGH TO LEND THEM SUPPLIES WHEN THEY HAD NO SKINS? NO ESKIMOS GONNA PUT ANYTHING OVER ON A WHITE MAN!



WEEKS PASSED AS THE TRADER'S SLED PASSED ON TO THE NORTHMOST TIP OF BAFFIN ISLAND...

...TO THE NINE IGLOOS WHICH MADE UP THE ESKIMO VILLAGE AT CAPE CRAUFORD

HAH! I CAN JUST SEE THEIR CHEERFUL FACES WHEN I WAVE MY RIFLE UNDER THEIR NOSES AND ASK THEM TO PAY UP!



SHORTLY AFTER... NO GOT SKINS!
LIAR! YOU'RE ALL A PACK OF LIARS! NO GOT SKINS!..NO GOT SKINS!! I'LL TEACH YOU TO LIE...



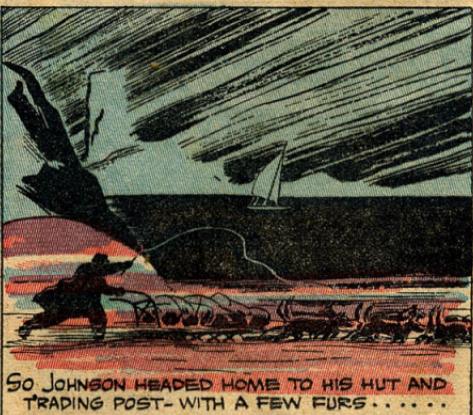
IF I DON'T GET YOUR FURS, NOBODY'LL GET THEM. UNDERSTAND! I'LL SHOOT YOUR DOGS AND THEN I'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU...



HE STILL SICK IN HEAD LIKE OTHER YEARS, UKITO! HE KILL US ONE DAY!
IT IS TRUTH....MR. JOHNSON HAS EVIL TEMPER!







SIX MONTHS LATER... AN ESKIMO FROM CAPE CRAUFORD VISITS MOUNTY HEADQUARTERS....



NUKUHDLAH TELLS HOW HE FOUND TWO BODIES DESTROYED BY JOHNSON, THE TRADER— AND HOW HIS VILLAGE WANTS PUNISHMENT FOR THE KILLER....

... JOHNSON MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! JUSTICE EXISTS FOR BOTH ESKIMO AND WHITE MAN ALIKE, NO MATTER HOW WILD THE COUNTRY IN WHICH HE LIVES!



A MONTH LATER, THE EXPEDITION ENCOUNTERS THE BRUTAL OPPOSITION OF NATURE....

IT'S BEST TO TURN BACK, SIR! THE WAY TO JOHNSON'S POST SEEMS CLOSED BY ICE, AND THE STORM IS TOO STRONG!



I HAVE SEEN STORMS, BUT THIS IS THE WORST, SERGEANT KNIGHT!

LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT THE LAST... FOR US! THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO LUCKY FOR JOHNSON!



FINALLY,
THE
ICE
BLOCKS
THE
WAY...!

WE'RE USING THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO JOHNSON'S. YOU WAIT HERE FOR US!...







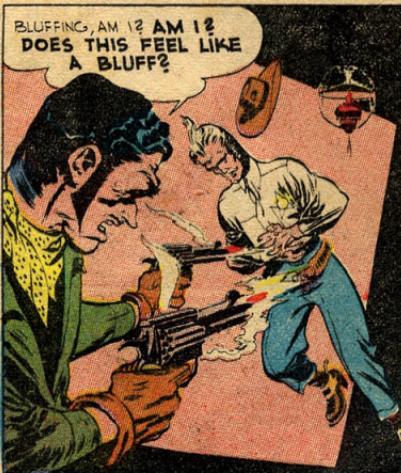
ALABAM



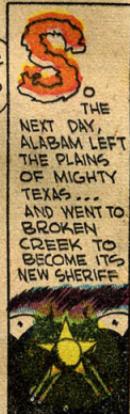
BROKEN CREEK WAS A CEMETERY FOR SHERIFFS! THERE WAS SOMETHING DEADLY FOR THE LAW IN ITS ATMOSPHERE UNTIL ALABAM SAUNTERED INTO TOWN, EACH PALM REETING ON A GUNBUCK! BUT WHO KNOWS HOW ALABAM'S BATTLE WOULD'VE TURNED OUT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A CERTAIN

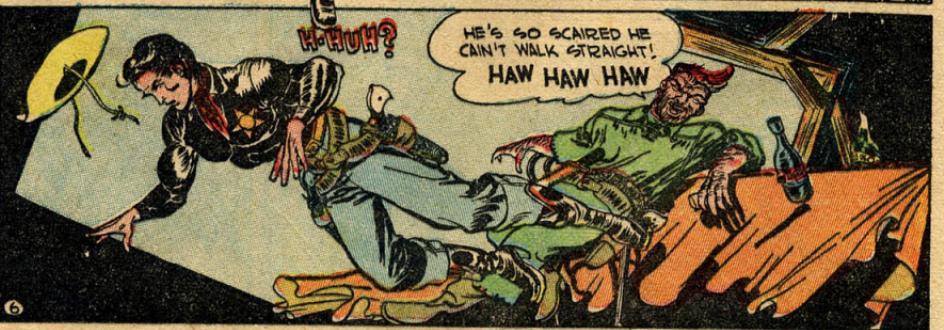
SPLIT-SECOND STAND IN!

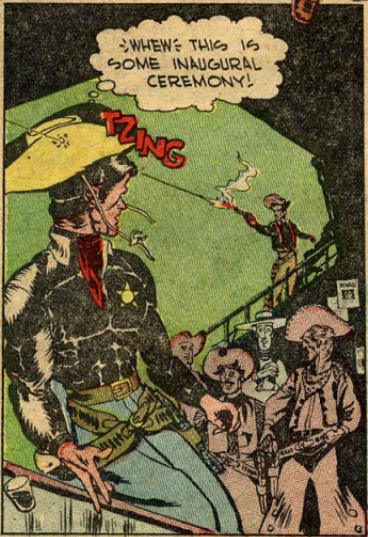










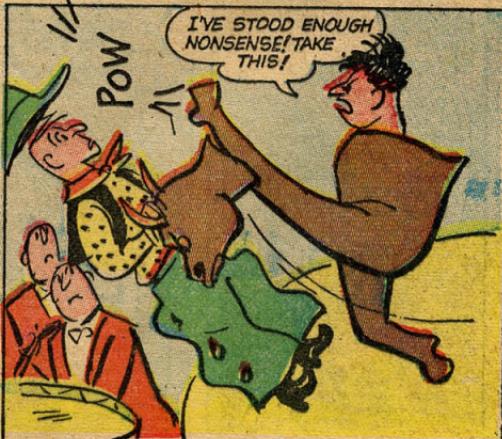
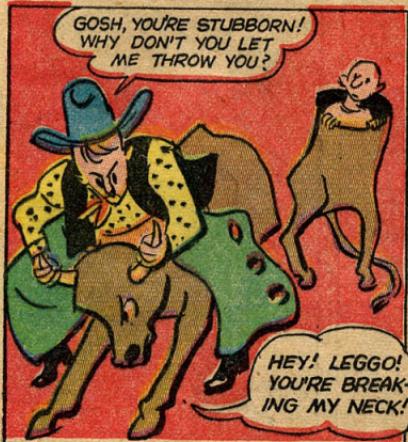
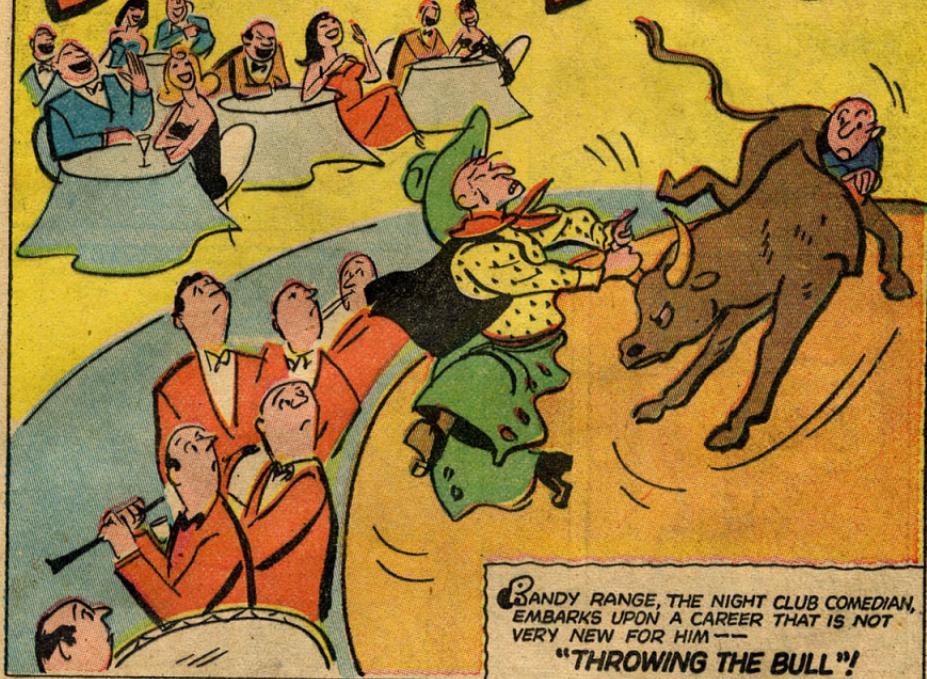


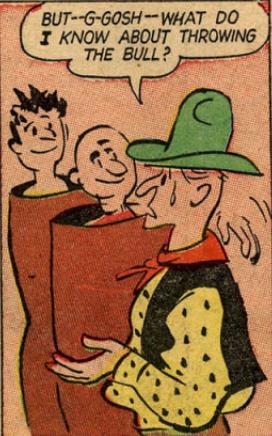
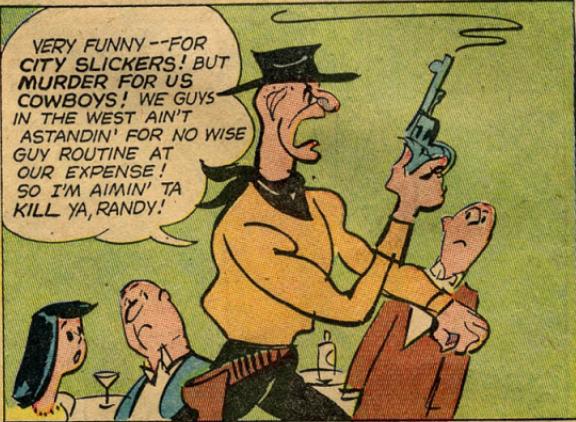


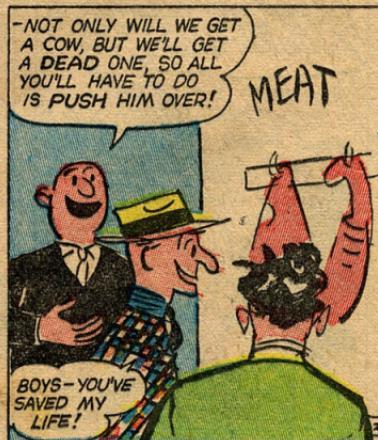
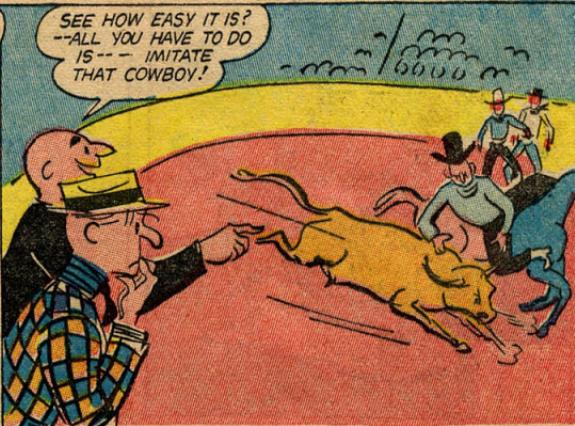


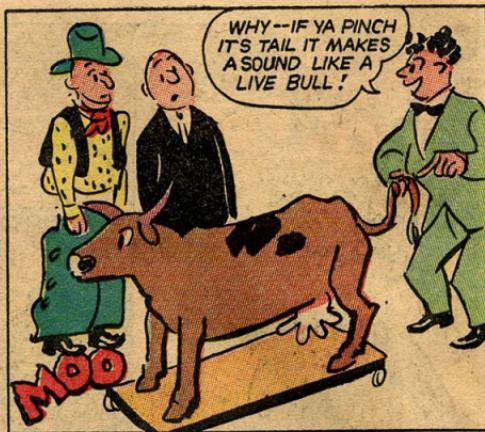
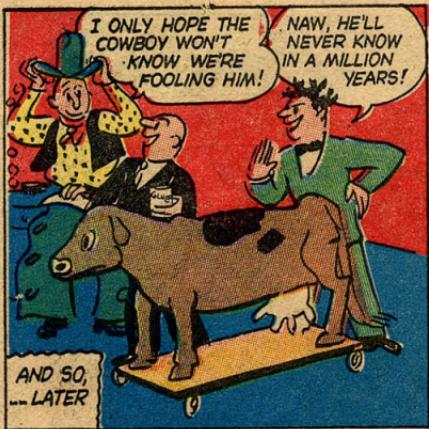
P
END THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
**COW-PUNCHER
COMICS**
FOR A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN
ALABAM'S
CAREER AS
SHERIFF OF
BROKEN CREEK!

DEAD-EYE DUDE









THE JEALOUS LOVER!



The wedding was over and the jubilant, giggling crowd escorted the bride and groom to their honeymoon hut. All in all, it had been a memorable occasion. Few Reserve Indians possessed the sweet, statuesque beauty of Falling Leaf, the young bride, or the goodly physique and handsome face of Mountain Bird, her happy husband. No couple was more soundly loved. Few young people had been more sought after as mates than these two. Mixed with the smiling faces of the celebrants were a score of sad, weak-grinning visages of those who had hoped, and lost. Falling Leaf could have had her choice of a hundred men. Any girl would have been thrilled to be Mountain Bird's squaw. But matters did not work out that way. The moment Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird had seen each other, they knew they had been born to meet and to love and to live together to the end of their lives. And now they were married and being convoyed to their home by the wedding guests.

On the threshold of their rude hut, Falling Leaf and Mountain Bird graciously accepted the wedding gifts offered them with fervent good wishes. Knives, lamps, pots, clothing, sewing supplies, a rifle, a chair . . . gifts both small and large, cheap and costly, were proffered and gratefully received. Last in the line was Sergeant

Ken Knight of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. He had known Mountain Bird for years. Many a time had they hunted together and spoken far into the night over the cheery camp fire about the astonishing beauty of one, Falling Leaf, the most lovely girl on the Reservation.

"Do you see this crippled left ear, Falling Leaf?" Ken said to the laughing girl. Ken indicated an organ reddened with the cold. "This ear," continued Ken, "is twisted with the hot utterances of love Mountain Bird has poured into it about a certain gorgeous girl named Falling Leaf! You may rest assured he didn't marry you for your money!"

"Marry ME?" laughed Falling Leaf. "Why, I thought all the time I was marrying HIM!"

"Well, Mountain Bird, here's something I'd like you to have because you married EACH OTHER," rejoined Ken, growing serious. From his pocket he took out a pipe exquisitely worked in sterling silver. Seeing it, Mountain Bird blushed with pleasure. This was quite different from the practicality of the other wedding gifts. The pipe was an exact copy of Ken's own favorite, and Mountain Bird's eyes were moist as he shook hands with Ken.

There was a last hurrah and a last loud good-night from the crowd and

then the wedding couple were left to themselves.

However, no sooner was the area deserted, than a tall shadow sprang from the darkness of the forest fringing the clearing before Mountain Bird's hut. It slinked carefully to the front door and then rapped sharply, twice. Mountain Bird opened the door curiously. Falling Leaf was just behind him, peering puzzledly over her husband's shoulder.

"Long Pipe Stick!" she said. "Why do you see us so late? . . . After the others have gone?" Long Pipe Stick, a tall, ugly Indian, had been one of her most persistent admirers. When he heard that Mountain Bird would be the man of her choice, he had fallen into a rage and would have struck her had Falling Leaf's father not driven him off at the point of a gun. Now he stood in the entrance of her honeymoon home with a sly smile, holding forth a two gallon can of kerosene.

"I, too, have a gift for you," replied Long Pipe Stick. "May I place it inside? It is quite heavy."

Mountain Bird smiled and held open the door. "Of course!" he said.

But as Mountain Bird turned his back to shut the door, Long Pipe Stick whirled something in his hand gleaming like silver. It was a knife. Mountain Bird never saw the weapon . . . he felt it. Deep into his back it went. Again and again, the slim blade cut into Mountain Bird's life, destroying it with every drop of the ruby blood that ran from his wounds. Mountain Bird took a few steps backwards, the blood in his mouth choking off any cry for help, and then he collapsed in a pool of the crimson liquid running from his body.

"NO! NO!" shrieked Falling Leaf, stumbling away from the bloody knife. Laughing silently, the murderer stumbled after her and seized her. The knife rose and fell mercilessly as he shrieked, "If I can't have you, nobody can!"

Twenty minutes later, Mountain Bird's hut was a blazing furnace. An

hour later, a wailing crowd of Reservation Indians stood helplessly by, watching the house burn clear down to the sod. Sergeant Ken Knight stood with them, his jaw set vise-like, and the tears running down his cheeks. The pity of it! — That accident should so cremate not only their bodies, but their hopes and the hopes of those who had loved the young people! Nobody left the scene until smoke rose from the ruins. Then, in the cold, miserable dawn, Knight and the doctor from the Post began to poke among the ashes and hot metals. The crowd was kept at a distance by Corporal Mellony, who rode down from the nearest detachment to assist Knight.

The first thing Ken noticed was the twisted, scorched can of kerosene, lying where the door used to be. "That's why the thing went so completely," he commented. The doctor nodded assent. But he was busy with other matters. He was bending over two charred, unrecognizable forms. He poked about for a couple of seconds and then emitted a low, excited whistle. "Come here, Knight!" he muttered. Knight crouched beside him as the doctor pointed to a few things.

"They were stabbed about a dozen times before the fire consumed them," whispered the doctor. Ken didn't answer. He saw something else in the burnt, crisp fist of the dead man. From between the bones he took a blackened object. "And I know who killed them, doctor!"

An hour later, Long Pipe Stick was under arrest, his thick wrists encased in handcuffs. His sullen mouth spoke no word, but his eyes did all the necessary talking.

They were glittering coldly at a pipe Knight had taken from the dead fingers of Mountain Bird. It was the same pipe Knight had given his dead friend for a wedding present . . . a pipe with a LONG STEM. It was Mountain Bird's last message to Knight, indicating the murderer . . . a LONG PIPE STICK!

KIT WEST

FOR ONCE IN HER PRETTY YOUNG LIFE, ACE BACKWOODS-WOMAN KIT WEST GOT TOO COURAGEOUS! -- HOW SHE BRAVED DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE WYANDOTTES' CRUELEST CHIEFTAIN, IS THE TALE OF "SPITTING SNAKE'S REVENGE"!!

THE WYANDOTTES, THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE MID-WEST, HOLD AN IMPORTANT POW-WOW --

WHERE A WHITE MAN SHOWS HIS FACE, THERE HE MUST BE MET BY THE TOMAHAWKS OF THE WYANDOTTES! SHALL WE STAND ASIDE WEEKLY WHILE THE WHITESROB US OF EVERYTHING?!

NO! NO! THIS IS A WAR TO THE DEATH BETWEEN US AND THE WHITE MAN! WE MUST NOT LOSE THIS WAR! OUR LANDS MUST RUN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF THE INVADER!



THE FIRES OF THE UNDER WORLD---!
WITH THAT DEVIL, SPITTING SNAKE,
STIRRING UP SOME NEW MISCHIEF! I'D
BETTER GET CLOSER AND HEAR WHAT
HE'S UP TO!!



AT THE SAME TIME, APPROACHING THE VILLAGE---



A WHITE
GIRL!!!
HOLD YOUR
FEET!

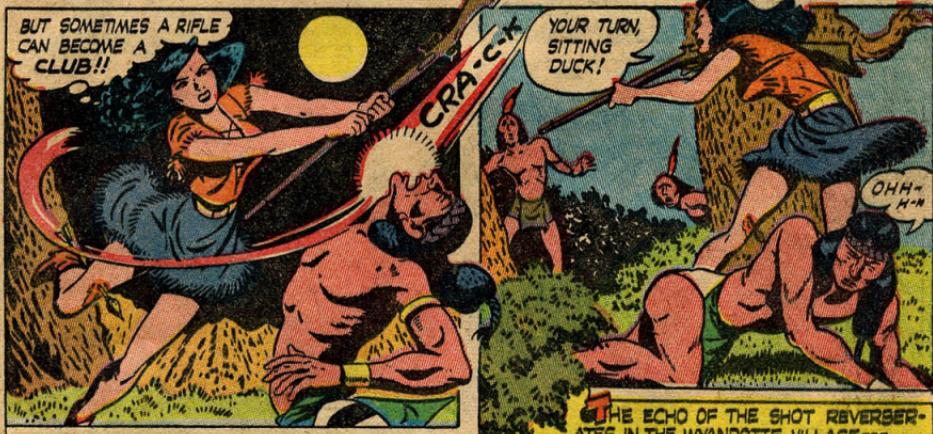


MY FATHER, SPITTING
SNAKE, WILL LIKE THIS
WHITE SPY EVEN MORE
THAN A DEER! I'LL
BRING THE FOOL IN
ALIVE!



FIRST, TO LAME
THOSE PRETTY
WHITE LIMBS!





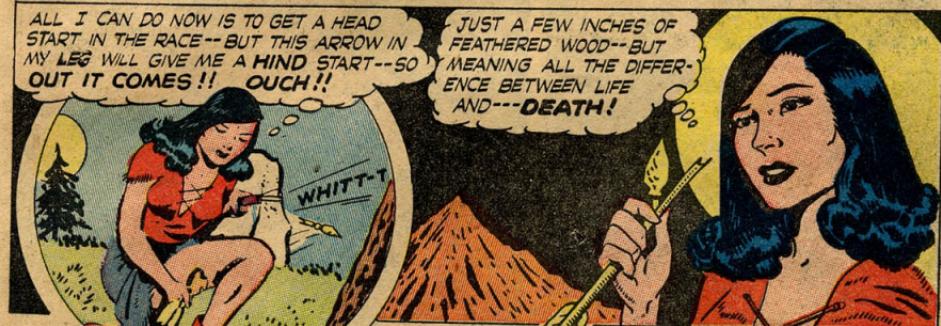
AT THE SAME TIME-
ILL NEVER BE ABLE
TO RUN WITH THIS
ARROW IN ME! I'VE
GOT TO GET IT OUT...
OH-H-H!!

YOU THOUGHT TO
KILL ME, EH? I
SHALL FORGET MY
FATHER'S PLEASURE--
I SHALL SLICE YOUR
FLESH!

FIRST THINGS FIRST!
YOU'RE A FIRST
THING, MY FRIEND--
ALSO A LAST!

SO YOU SPEAK WYANDOTTE!...
CLEVER WHITE! SOON YOU WILL
SCREAM FOR MERCY IN EVERY
TONGUE--IT WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD!



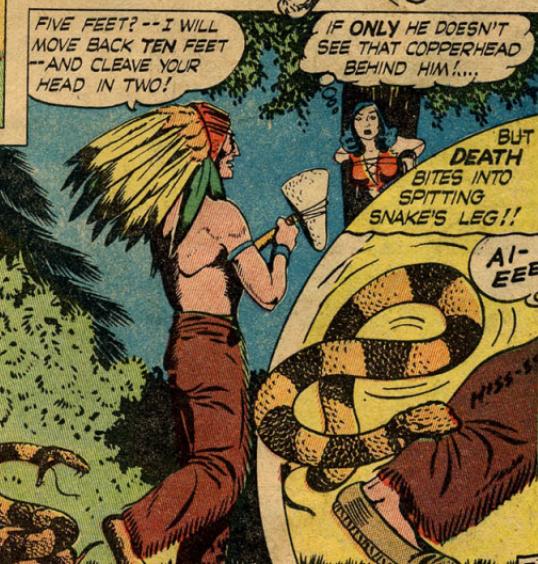
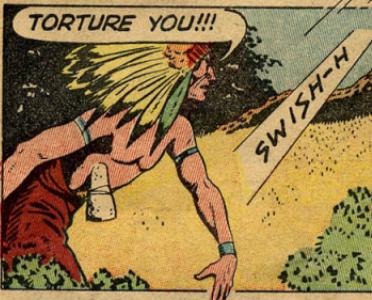


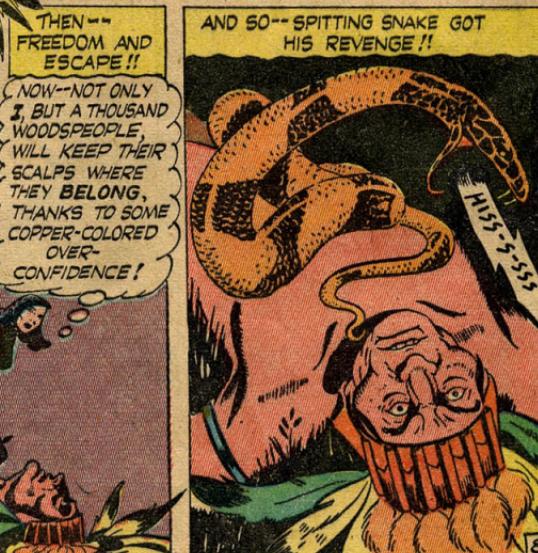
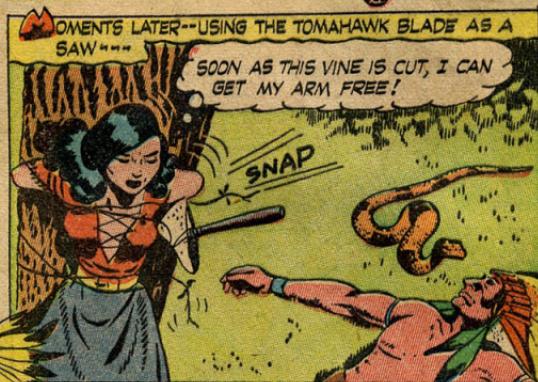


SHORTLY AFTER--HAVING TIED KIT TO A TREE WITH LONG VINES--
MY SON'S TOMAHAWK--RED WITH HIS OWN BLOOD! I SWEAR TO THE GODS THAT HERS WILL MINGLE WITH LITTLE SNAKE'S!!

WAKE UP, WHITE WITCH! FEAR NOT! YOU WILL SOON SLEEP--FOREVER!
WHEN SPITTING SNAKE HAS HAD HIS REVENGE!

OH-H-H!
W-WHAT ARE YOU G-GOING TO DO!





The fighting PARSON

JACK
Ross.



JOHN WATKINS CAME TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER TO PREACH A GREAT MESSAGE, BUT THE REPLY TO THAT MESSAGE WAS TOO FREQUENTLY ENCLOSED IN STEEL JACKETS FULL OF DEADLY LEAD! AND SO JOHN WATKINS BECAME THE **FIGHTING PARSON**, THE STRANGEST FIGURE IN THE WEST! AND HIS BLAZING SIX-SHOOTERS PUMPED TERROR INTO THE MOST EVIL HEARTS ... EVEN THE HEARTLESS BODIES OF THE... "POISONED PIPERS!!"



THAT NIGHT
ON THE
PRAIRIE...

CAN'T WAIT TILL
MORNIN'—TWO DAYS IS
TOO LONG WAITIN' TO
REVENGE CLAUDE!

DON'T WORRY, THE
SHERIFF'LL BE GAIN-
ING WEIGHT TOMORROW,
AND NOT FROM FOOD,
FROM LEAD!

THE ROAMIN' PREACHER'S
HOLDIN' CHURCH SERVICES AM'
THE SHERIFF'S SURE TO
BE THERE...WITH
HIS GUNS PARKED
IN THE BACK OF
THE ROOM!

THEN WE'LL BE
GOIN' TO CHURCH,
TOO!..WITH A
GUN IN EACH
HAND! -

SQUAW RIDGE, LIKE HUNDREDS OF WESTERN TOWNS
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, WAS TOO
SMALL TO HAVE A PERMANENT CHURCH AND PASTOR.

...SOME DAY YOU'LL HAVE A REAL CHURCH AND WE
WON'T HAVE TO HOLD SERVICES IN THE STABLE...
THOUGH IF A STABLE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR
SAVIOR, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

AND IT'S
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR US,
TOO!

REACH!!

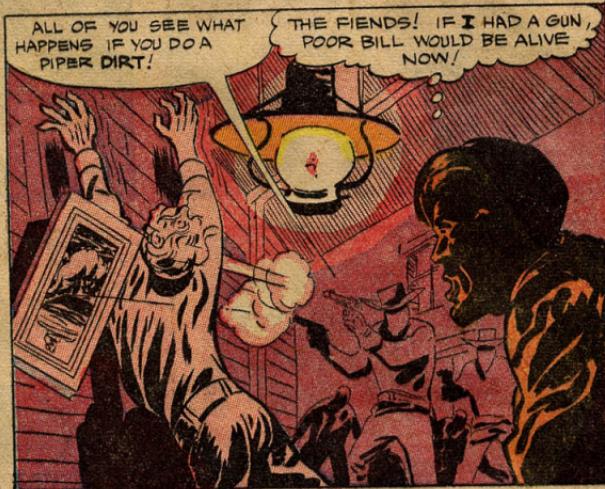
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF
THIS? DON'T YOU REALIZE
YOU'RE IN CHURCH!?

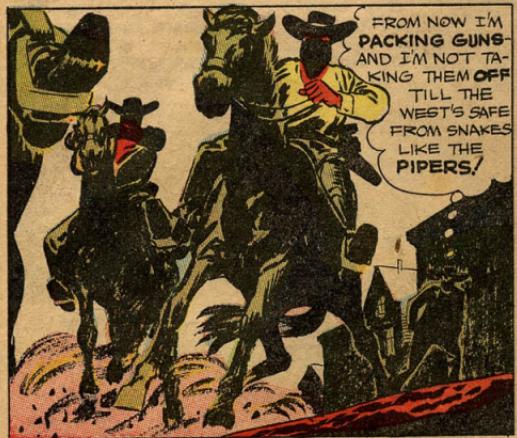
YOU BET WE DO!—WELL,
SHERIFF, YOU DONE
ENOUGH PRAYIN'!...

I'M A FOOL—I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THE PIPERS'D STOP
AT NOTHING!

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE
THIS MAN...OWW!

I CAN'T,
EH?





THE SAME DAY, THIRTY MILES OUT OF SQUAW RIDGE...

HOLD IT, BOYS ...
WE'RE PASSIN' UP SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN'!!

WHAT IS IT, GIL?

GOLD!! THEY'RE DELIVERIN' SOME TO EVERY BANK IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY! WE CAN'T TAKE THE COACH... TOO MANY GUARDS



BUT WE CAN TAKE PLENTY OUTA THE BANK AT SQUAW RIDGE!
REMEMBER, THERE AINT NO SHERIFF THERE NOW!

IT'LL BE A CINCH!

WE PROMISED
THEY'LL SEE MORE OF US - WELL, WE'LL
KEEP OUR PROMISE?



THE NEXT DAY, WHILE JOHN WATKINS PERFORMS A VERY FAMILIAR SERVICE...

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE! YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE...

BUT MARTHY, WHY BE YOU CRYIN'? DON'THA WANT TA KISS ME?



I'M CRYING 'CAUSE I'M HAPPY, EPHRIAM... H-HUH?

A REVOLVER SHOT... FROM ACROSS STREET!









BE A MOVIE PRODUCER! TECHNICOLOR COMICSSCOPE

IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN THEATRE!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSSCOPE will bring your dreams true . . . it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use photographs, comic strips, cartoons, original drawings, films, or small objects and flash them on the screen in technicolor.

\$1.98

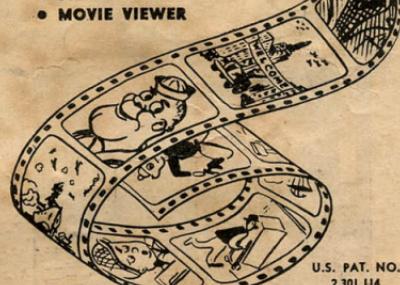
Complete
With Cord
And Sockets.
Plus Postage



The COMICSSCOPE is a real projector! It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSSCOPE. The fine lens is adjustable to size and clearness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSSCOPE too . . . including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen . . . The COMICSSCOPE operates on AC and DC current. The whole family will enjoy the COMICSSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen . . . or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story . . . or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSSCOPE is new . . . it's entertaining . . . it's fun . . . and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

NOW A 3-WAY UNIT

- PICTURE PROJECTOR
- FILM PROJECTOR
- MOVIE VIEWER



U.S. PAT. NO.
2,301,114



EASY TO USE

The COMICSSCOPE comes complete together with extension cord, plug and socket. After inserting an electric bulb into the socket, it is ready for immediate use. PRECISE instructions and instructions included. Any child can use a COMICSSCOPE.

PROJECTS and ENLARGES

- PHOTOGRAPHS • PICTURES
- COMIC STRIPS • CARTOONS
- SMALL OBJECTS • ORIGINAL
- LIFE PICTURES • DRAWINGS
- FILMS

5 DAYS
Examine and try the
COMICSSCOPE
FREE for 5 days. If
at the end of that
time you are not satisfied, then you
may return it to us and we will refund
your \$1.98 purchase price.

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

FREE

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.98 plus 11¢ handling and postage
costs for my COMICSSCOPE. It is understood that I
may return it within five days if not satisfied and my
money will be refunded.

- Send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus
C.O.D. and postage charges.
- Enclosed find \$2.09 in full payment.

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CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

FREE

with your
order ...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development, included with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

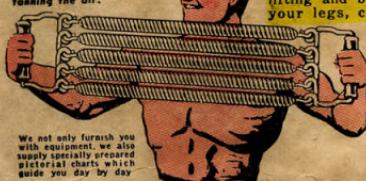
now
GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead - get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can't get fit or build any part of your body by foaming the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.



GUARANTEE
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price



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366 East 153rd St.
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outfit wanted. Pay postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

Get many specially posed pictorial instructions - a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

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Send me the outfit specially designed for five days' progressive training. Also send special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

Send regular strength chest pull & bar bell combination. Set \$4.95.
 Send Super strength set at \$7.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)
(Service Note: Sorry, but shipments cannot only be made in U.S.A. either by mail or prepaid. Ruling will not permit shipments to P.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

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